Published Daily Except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, Nos. 53 to 63
Park Row, New York. J. ANGUS SHAW, Pres. and Treas., JOSEPH PULITZER, Junior. Sec. y

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

Subscription Rates to The Evening
World for the United States

All Countries in the International
Postal Union.

VOLUME 49..... NO. 17,880.

SUBWAY PRINCIPLES.



OUR subway proposals are now pending before the public author-

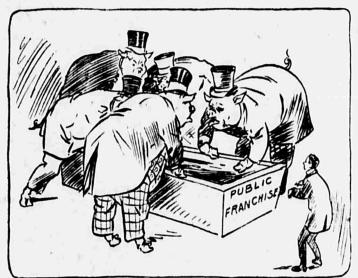
Mr. McAdoo wants to extend his Hudson River tunnel to a connection with the Grand Central Station and the Steinway tunnel.

Stirred to action by Mr. Mc-Adoo's proposal, the Interborough asks for a subway monopoly with one east side extension uptown from the Grand Central Station

and a west side extension downtown from West Forty-second street. There is pending the Public Service Commission's plan for the Fourth avenue (Brooklyn) subway as the first link in the tri-borough

Now comes a combination of several big contracting firms offering to build the Broadway and Lexington avenue subway at their own

None of these subways can be built without a public franchise, without using the people's property, without an exclusive grant of certain territory. Every public service corporation is necessarily to a greater or less extent a monopoly.



The only lawful excuse for a monopoly is the public benefit. Profits to its promoters are no adequate reason. The desires of real estate owners are not alone sufficient. Unless the result is to be of general public benefit there is no justice in taking public property for it, whether the public property to be taken consists of space under the streets, or exemption from taxation, or a bond guarantee, or public loan such as built the present subway.

To perform that public service which is the only excuse for its creation a railroad company must first of all give good service, and, second, that good service must be on reasonable terms

The difference between a comfortable seat and hanging to a strap, between rapid transit and delays, affects at least two-thirds of the working population of this city.

Almost half of the population of Greater New York use daily some form of public service transportation. A penny's difference in the fare would mean a month's rent to a tenement house family all of whose members work. To cut down the time of transporta-

tion fifteen minutes each way is equivalent to a 5 per cent. reduction in working hours. To use a franchise as a means of public revenue is in effect to im-

pose a poll tax on half the population and to distribute the proceeds among taxpayers according to

Such a tax is unjust.

Hence in awarding its subway franchises the Public Service Commission should consider both first and last the public necessity for

Letters From the People

Sept. 9, 1909.

to have your meter tested.

To the Editor of The Evening Verd

To whom should I apple for admise the same for people to leave the aprove sion and for full information as to subway expresses at Grand Centra

self and comrades to

To the Editor of The Evening World: ination. Plenty of soldiers would be As an American citizen I take the glad to accept positions in either deination. Plenty of soldiers would be liberty of suggesting a remedy for the partment, but, owing to some of the 200,000 men said to be out of employ- questions that are asked by the Civil ment in the city at the present time. Service Board, they are sometimes The Government, I hear, is doing the barred from holding such good and bulk of the improvements at West honorable positions. I sincerely hope Point. Why not give New York's un- that the day is not far off when honemployed some work there? This could orably discharged soldiers will be given also be done in the case of other Goy- the chance of accepting such positions ernment work now going on in different without taking anything except the necessary physical examination, which ALFRED YOUNG. every American soldier is ready and nole to do. SERGRANT, Coast Artillers Corps.

Evening Dress and the Theatre. On what date was the great flood in Galveston, Texas? C. H. WARD. To the Editor of The Evening World.

A few years ago in the orchestra por-My bill from the gas company is and Tuxedos Lately I notice that in many previous bill, many theatres of the better sort not Where can I apply for a test of my one man in ten wears them. Who can Apply to Public Service Commission explain this old change?

A Subway Grievance.

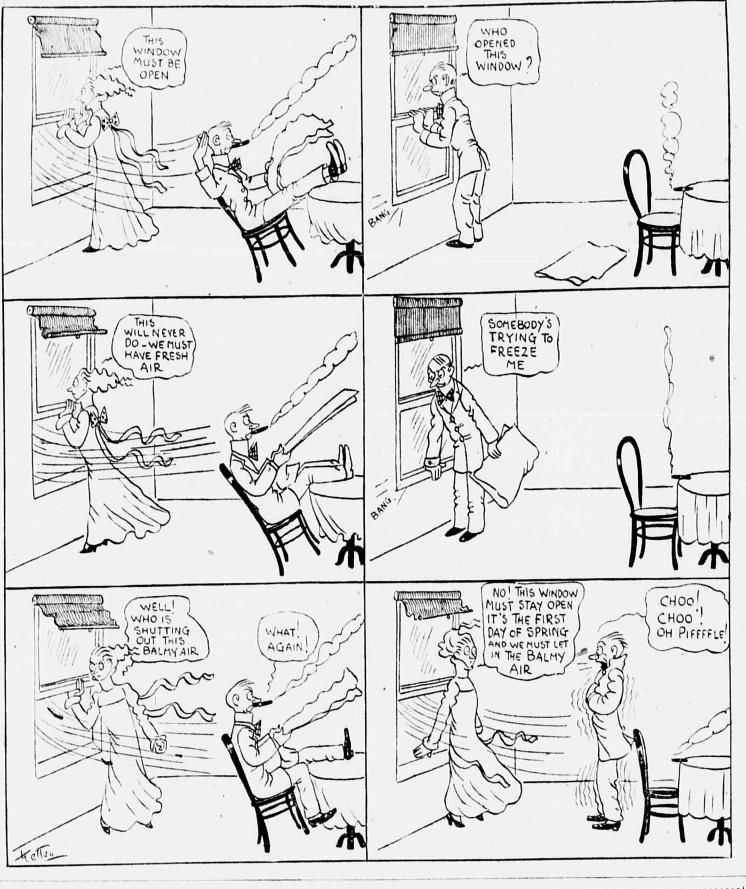
the Editor of The Evening World Seventy-second street and Ninety-sixth

To the Editor of The Evening Worldcake better policemen and fromen than Is there any legal holids in the come others could who are under the United States?

ARC MENT,

The Day of Rest.

By Maurice Ketten.



Mr. Jarr in a Thoughtless Moment Pays a Grocer's Bill, And Now What Is Mrs. Jarr Going to Do for an Easter Hat?

of it from the old ostrich tips—I haven't dind find me, then I just wouldn't pay low, and they would give money to pay for the shape and fixings, just through your paying that old lit."

"You had a whole mind to that efficient." Interrupted Mr. Jarr. "I paid it."

"It's a !! I the same, it will come out of my money." retorted Mrs. Jarr. But you find me and pay that bill, din't your." "Yes, I did." said Mrs. Jarr, "but same, it will come out of my money." retorted Mrs. Jarr. "I've paid them enough." "Yes, I did." said Mrs. Jarr, "but most impertinent note. Said he had to white feathers that I had on that old shape—yes, and other shapes, too, for years and years—and I found some that I had put away last summer that were in worse shape, and I took those with the heautiful plume they made for me'. It's thirty-two inches long, and I couldn't have bought one like it in the stores for less than fifty."

"You had a whole mind to that efficient he shape and fix them one cent!" said Mrs. Jarr emphatically.

"And if they didn't find me, then I just wouldn't pay them one cent!" said Mrs. Jarr emphatically.

"And if they didn't find me them one cent!" said Mrs. Jarr emphatically.

"And if they didn't find me them one cent!" said Mrs. Jarr emphatically.

"And if they didn't find me them one cent!" said Mrs. Jarr emphatically.

"And if they didn't find me them of course," said Mr. Jarr. "But I suppose it is human nature with them one that had to me! as if they would gave saying: There's a guy who has swung the boss good and plenty. Jarr. "We paid them enough!" "That's what they all say!" said Mrs. Jarr. "But I suppose it is human nature when people say!" said Mrs. Jarr. "But I suppose it is human nature. Weak if them one cent!" said Mrs. Jarr wald pay its didn't you?" "That's what they all say!" who has swung the boss good and plenty. Jarr. "But I suppose it is human nature. Weak if them one cent!" said Mrs. Jarr. "But I suppose it is human nature. Weak if them one cent!" said Mrs. Jarr. "But I suppose it is human nature. Wea

NO-NO! IM SENDING A WIRELESS LETTER TO

Just now and settled it."

"Well, I had half a mind not to pay it." began Mrs. Jarr.

"You had a whole "You

the it in the stores for less than fifty people who are prompt and honest, and his wife wasn't there, nor he wasn't Mr. Jarr.

Have You Met JOHNNY QUIZ?

"Now all I need is one of the new that when I do pay, I pay cash. Mrs. clerk could get somebody to go look for he grocer's?" asked Mrs. Jarr. shapes and some other trimmings-and Stryver lets her account run for a Muller. It took them fifteen minutes "Sure." said Mr. Jarr, "I it's terrible what they charge you for month and then only sends a check, I to find him. And yet, everytime I stopped in there the trimmings of a hat-yes, and for would die rather than owe anybody a passed his place and I hadn't the money Just now and set-

DO YOU PAINT?

WHY, MISS RAPHAEL NO, HONEY DEAR, I SAT

DOWN HERE TO THINK

By F. G. Long

~ Fifty Historical Mysteries

By Albert Payson Terhune

NO. 13-GOFFE, THE "REGICIDE." T was a Fast Day in the Puritan colony at Hadley, Mass. The colonists had long been exempt from attack by the hostile Indians, who lurked in the nearby forests. So on this day in 1675 they went fearlessly to church, many of them even neglecting the regular custom of carrying their

From the woodlands sharp eyes watched the unsuspecting Puritans as they left their farms and homes unguarded and flocked to the meeting house. The Pokanoket Indians, under their celebrated chieftain, Philip, crouched behind tree trunks ready for the attack.

Suddenly the minister's prayer was cut short by a chorus of war whoops. The Pokanokets were sweeping down upon the undefended settlement. The colonists were paniestricken, and dumbly awaited their own

Then it was that a stranger appeared in the centre of the stricken congregation. Whence he came none knew. He seemed to have dropped among them from the clouds. The stranger was an aged man of majestic bearing. His long hair and beard were snow white; his clothes were rich, but of a quaint, cut-of-date fashion. In his hand he brandished a

The Man It was no time for asking or answering questions. The of Mystery. stranger's manner was one of supreme command. With the skill of a veteran warrior he quickly marshaled the scared colonists into military formation, and, at their head, rushed forth against the swarm of yelling Indians. So gailantly did he fight and so great was his ability in massing and manoeuvring his handful of followers, that he quickly turned the

threatened massacre into a victory. The savages were beaten off, with great slaughter. The town was saved. Then the grateful Puritans sought for the mysterious stranger to thank and reward him. But he had disappeared. Nor from that day did any of them see im again. Because of his sudden arrival and unnoticed departure, the villagers believed he was an angel sent from Heaven to rescue them from their Indian

As a matter of fact, the stranger was in all probability some one far less remarkable. There is every reason to believe he was William Goffe, the "Regicide" (king killer), one of the most famous men of his day in England, and who was forced to flee for his life to the American wilderness. Goffe was born in 1603. He was one of Oliver Cromwell's fe'low-soldiers in the war that destroyed the British monarchy and that led to the execution of King Charles I. When Cromwell and his fellows, backed by Parliament, had overthrown the monarchy and made Charles I, a prisoner, a group of Judges condemned the unlucky monarch to death. One of these Judges was Goffe, who was a Major-General, and perhaps the best soldier in all the Parliament army. Another Judge was Goffe's father-in-law, Edward Whalley. Goffe enjoyed high renown for the next few years, and was even named as a suitable successor for Cromwell, as Lord Protector of England. But Charles I.'s son, Charles II., put down the Parliamentary party after Cromwell's death, and was placed on his executed father's throne. Goffe and Whalley knew the King would show scant mercy to the man who had condemned his father to death. So they fied to America, landing at

But the King's wrath followed them even there. They hastened by night to New Haven and found a hiding place, according to the story, among the West Rock caves there. Connecticut in those days, according to royal charter, stretched westward from the Atlantic to the Pacific. There were many clashes between the colonists there and the home government of England. So Goffe probably felt safer in Connecticut than in more "loyal" Massachusetts. Nevertheless, constables, soldiers and even Indians were sent in search of him. For months he dared not stir out of doors by day. He managed to correspond regularly with his wife, who had been forced to remain in England; but, knowing the

letters might betray his whereabouts, he addressed her as his mother, calling her "Frances Goldsmith." She answered, writing to him as her son, "William Goldsmith," and sending the letters to a trusty friend's care.

Goffe crept from cave to cave, and hid in mills, barns and forests, secretly fed by a few friends. Finally he drifted back to Massachusetts and found a hiding place near Hadley. It is said he lived concealed in the house of the local clergyman there, and that the preacher's own family did not know of the stranger's presence. This would have accounted for Goff's sudden appearance in the midst of the Indian scare and for the wonder his presence excited. The minister could not, of course, clear up the mystery without conessing that he himself had been illegally harboring a fugitive from justice.

Goffe's later life is still wrapped in mystery. He is said to have died at he Hadley clergyman's house, about 1680.

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Reflections of a Bachelor Girl.



By Helen Rowland.

ARRIAGE is "a voyage of discovery"-divorce the relief expedition. "Taking the conceit out of a man" is about as difficult and unsatisfactory as taking the wag out of a dog's tail; it leaves him so limp and pathetic looking.

A man never wearies of a woman who can manage to appear a little weary of him now and then. Marriage is the Marathon in which endurance wins the prize, and after

which you wonder if the prize, who is swearing at his razor in front of your It's the same spirit of dissatisfaction, I suppose, that makes little boys

always anxious to "swap" knives which make grown men so anxious to "swap" wives in the divorce court nowadays.

The more tightly a man keeps his emotions bottled up during youth the more likely he is to let them out with a dangerous explosion after forty.

When a woman pins a towel around her head it is a sign of the coming day's business; when a man does it it is a sign of the past night's pleasure. Why all this discussion about "how to keep a husband?" Any woman an do that nowadays who can AFFORD to keep such luxuries.

A woman's heart usually has a Yale lock on it, to which only one man holds the key; a man's just an old-fashioned latch that can be picked with

In Lent many a woman resists a tempting dish-because it doesn't agree with the kind of figure she is cultivating; many a man because it doesn't agree with the kind of drink he is ordering.

Marriage is the bitters in life's cocktail; divorce the cherry that takes the bad taste out of your mouth.

The Day's Good Stories

bers?" asked a downtown lawyer re- ward his fellow men was not as aboundcently to a friend. "Whenever I have ing as it might have been, was dangerbeen measured for a suit of clothes the ously ill, and his brother deacons, imdued voice as he took the measure for letins from the sick rooms of prominent the length of my trousers. I often won- individuals, decided to follow the fashdered what this secret signal meant, ion, with the following results: and on one occasion made so bold as to "6 P. M. Deacon Jones is in a serious ask, but was put aside in some casual way, which plainly showed me that the tailor did not wish me to know the meaning of the mysterious S. B. L. Well, I never knew what shese letters meant until one day this winter, when I stumbled across the solution quite by accident. I was waiting to have my measure taken while a strapping big fellow was on the rack. As he measured the length of the trousers leg the tailor said; 33, S. B. L. Yes, came back the reply from the big fellow, and d—bow-legged, to. Alk these years tailors have been accusing me of being its lightly bow-legged, and I had never caught on until I was practically told the answer in the accidental way."—Woman's Hemse Companion. ask, but was put aside in some casual condition.

"S. B. L." at the Tallor's. Where Was the Deacon? D iD you ever notice how the tailors while measuring a man for
a suit of clothes mix in a few

letters occasionally among the num- vociferous order, but whose charity totailor always said S. B. L. in a sub- pressed with the custom of issuing bul-

CHOWDER CLAM FORA) OF THE NUMBER OF QUEER THING WE SEE WHEN WE HAVEN'T GOT PARTY.) Com NAW! I'M RECITIN' (WATERIN' TH' INTO EACH LIFE SOME RAIN NIX, WILLIE, I POSING GOIN' TO GET A FOR A STATUE OF AN NEW SUIT? GARON? -- MUS' FALL - SOME -A PIECE - LIKE THIS -NEW SUIT!

NO SUCH THING - SMARTY! I'M EXER-